The Daily Eurofurence

Ringberg Hotel Suhl. Sunday, 30th August 2009

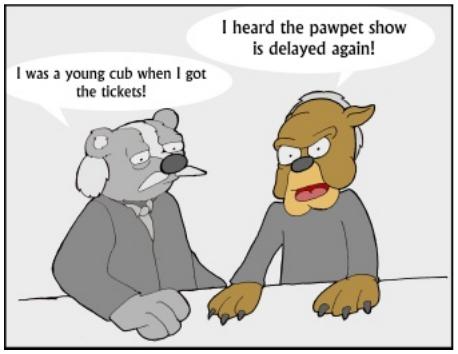
Postscript

It's been one hell of ride since Wednesday. There might be a few cases of PCD coming up, but all the photos, videos and journal posts to come in the next few days will help to remind us of the awesome time that's been had.

We've put in some long nights to bring you *The Daily Eurofurence*, sometimes beavering away until 6AM putting our work together. Thank you all for supporting our debut and we very much look forward to the long nights next year. Safe travels, and we'll see you all at Dead Dog Night. *(Ed.)*

Grumpy old furs say:

A cartoon by Pegla



Pawpet Show whips up a storm

Our lovely leading ladies share a moment of friendship. photo: bli

This years Pawpet Show marked the 10th anniversary of an event that can easily be described as the "highlight" of the whole convention.

The various cultural and social critique, raised in the form of BBC specials and audio snippets, came off as natural. not feeling heavy-handed. The comic timing was brilliant. The jokes worked well and flowed nicely from smut to fine satire. The overall plot structure of the show was classic and actually aided the performance since it shifted the focus from the plot towards character interaction. Another clever idea was to put most of the storyline into the set construction breaks, which are a necessary evil. Not only did it prevent a loss of focus in the audience, it also helped to keep the actual scenes from being weighed down by too much detail and left more room for character interaction. However, there were some issues concerning character development. Some of them were in danger of being reduced to simple narrative roles. Lionel is a good example of this: he seemed to slip into the background towards the end. Lori and Poke were mostly used as comic relief, which did, however, work rather well for them and entertained the audience immensely. The effects were outstanding, especially the waterfall effect in the finale which could easily be called one of the most impressive effects ever performed during a Pawpet Show. All in all this years production worked well and gained standing ovations. *(cur)*

Puppeteers Pull No Punches During Quiz

Buzzers taste delicious! photo: bli

Yesterday afternoon saw "Who Wants To Be A Pawpeteer?" on the main stage. With three rounds of questions and three participants per round, the competition was serious as each person battled for a place in the final.

A minor technical hitch during the second round when the computer program showing the questions crashed, wiping out the contestants' scores. However, this was quickly corrected by Eurofurence's crack technical team.

Jumpy, Tungro and Plushfox all qualified for the final, and after a very tough final set of questions, Tungro emerged as the victor. *(bar)*

Happy Kids and full collection boxes

Careful first contacts. photo: ang

Yesterday, EosFoxx and her team visited Tierpark Suhl, this year's nominated charity, as the last in a series of Charity events. A selection of fursuiters had been invited to entertain the park visitors, strike poses and rattle their collection boxes. Some of the smaller kids were slightly afraid, but most of them warmed up quickly and ventured to hug or pet the fursuiters, or play tag with them. A press photographer from "Freies Wort" was also present. The animal park might soon be even more attractive, as the donations from this year's charity events will go towards the construction of a meerkat enclosure. *(lux)*

Fursuiters Take Over Ringberg During Parade

A wall of fursuiters - almost 300. photo: tam

Shortly before noon on Saturday and led by the esteemed caliph himself, the fursuit parade drew around 280 critters to tour the hotel grounds. The convention has had a lot to offer for the fursuiters: both the usual fursuit gameshow and stage show were on the schedule and panels were given on suit construction topics and on different aspects of acting in suit. These were in part given by our guest of honour, Jimmy Chin, a highly talented fursuiter himself. Additionally the fursuit lounge was larger this year, and was well equipped both in terms of cooling and refreshments for the suiters themselves. *(hhp)*

"The hardest Decision of my Life"

Eurofurence's chairman Cheetah speaks openly about Eurourence leaving Suhl and the future plans of the convention.

How happy are you with this year's Eurofurence?

"I'm very pleased. There were no major disruptions and the additional people dispersed surprisingly well across the location, thanks to the nice weather - it never felt crowded."

What was less pleasant?

"On Tuesday, we finally told the hotel management, we were not coming back next year. They were sad, all their staff were sad. We all were sad. The Ringberg hotel was a perfect location. Leaving it was hardest decision of my life. It caused me and my team many a sleepless night."

What was so special about the Ringberg Hotel?

"They never said "No" to anything we asked, because they are just as enthusiastic and creative as we are. What other hotel would keep their bar open for us until 7am? Or change their entire catering concept for our convention? They allowed us to have a pool party and a campfire. They also gave us the master key to all their doors; they trust us unconditionally. All this is far beyond what your average hotel does. And most of all, they were genuinely friendly, warm and open-hearted. We always felt at home here."

So why did we leave in the end?

"The hotel is filled to the brim. In fact, it is booked 150 percent. And still we have a waiting list of more than three hundred people. Next year, it would most likely be seven hundred. We simply had to change to a bigger location."

Will Eurofurence continue to grow?

"Yes. We have no choice, really. Long waiting lists are a serious hazard. The problem is not even that those who cannot come will be disappointed, but that circles of friends will be disrupted. If they cannot see their friends at Eurofurence, many artists, performers and core staff might turn their backs on the event. Other conventions have suffered or even died from that."

"Ringberg Hotel felt like a second home." photo: ang

Is there a maximum convention size that our volunteer staff can deal with?

"Not really. There are a few domains where we need professionals, such as the paramedics and some technicians for the equipment we rent. But generally our staff is just as capable as professionals. There is little need for further outsourcing, even if the convention gets bigger."

Will the furries ever return to Suhl?

I'm trying hard to think of a way of coming back here. In either case, we will hold another New Year's party at the Ringberg this year."

interview: (lux)

Announcements

All departing guests should have cleared their rooms by 11:00

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Today's Feedback (Room 1, 14:00) session is open to all attendees, not only staff. Please come and contribute.

Today's Timetable

Feedback Session (Room 1)
14:00-15:30

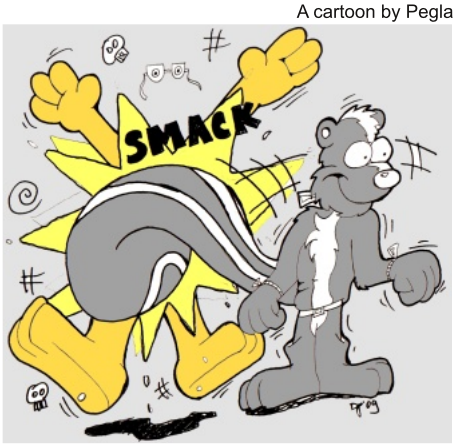
Eurofurence e.V. Meeting (Room 1)
15:30-17:00

Dead Dog Party (40 Thieves)
20:00-02:00

Impressum: Michael "Luxen" Graf (lux), Andreas "Curry" Wieland (cur), Robert "Bariki" Blackman (bar), Hannu-Heikki "hHP" Puupponen (hhp), Emmanuel "Tambako" Keller (tam), Matthias "Angus" Bauer (ang), Philipp "Batian_Lion" Bepler (bli).

Convention Trouble

A cartoon by Pegla



Convention Trouble #2101: Fursuiters tip: Dimensions. cartoon: Pegla

Starlit Encounter, pt 5

a story by Bariki

Her accent was thick, only adding to the exotic nature of the female, but at the moment she was nothing like the gentle mare Callum had seen inside. Stamping a hoof on the ground in rage, the grey mare advanced a step towards Callum. The stag stood frozen in fear, not expecting this sort of reaction from the female.

"No, no, you've got it all wrong" said Callum, holding up his hands in a protest of innocence. "I was inside, remember? I smiled at you. I thought that you were very beautiful," he said more quietly, his ears burning as the mare glared at him. At his words, Aasifa's expression mellowed a little, the mare's clenched fists relaxing as a flicker of recognition flashed across her muzzle.

"Yes, you were," she said softly, taking another step towards the stag but, this time, with no menace in the movement. She sniffed the air, taking in Callum's scent and picking up fear and uncertainty from the large animal but no trace of malicious intent, and a hint of arousal. How interesting...

"I am sorry for frightening you," Aasifa said, her nose within inches of the stag's. "What is your name, stag?"

"Callum," he replied shakily, unsure if the grey mare was about to kick his butt or not. The mare smiled, placing a hand on the stag's chest.

"Callum," she repeated. "A good name. I am Aasifa, as that whoremonger of a bartender probably told you."

The stag dropped his head in embarrassment, ashamed of himself for upsetting the beautiful mare.

"He did, yes, but I..." Callum was cut off as Aasifa leaned in and lifted his head, pressing her lips to the stag's. It was only the briefest of kisses, but as the mare broke the contact she kept their lips hovering just apart. When she spoke, her breath wafted against the stag's nose, making him shiver and dispelling any fear that was left in him.

"Thank you for saying that I am beautiful," she said before leaning into the kiss again. The world dropped away from them as Callum reached to wrap his arms around Aasifa, drawing her against his strong body. The taste of her mouth flooded his mind: a sweet taste of grass, slick and pure like dew formed on a single leaf in an oasis. Her scent, hitherto clouded in anger, swirled around him, hot and alluring like sand borne on the desert wind. Aasifa, as Callum's arms embraced her and pressed her delicate yet strong body against him, felt the outline of the stag's muscles on her. Her sensitive nostrils quivered against the stag's as his reassuring, masculine scent washed over her, fuelling the fire that she felt within her chest. For once, she felt safe and happy in the surrender of herself to another, and as the two sank deeper into the kiss, Aasifa nickered softly in bliss.

It was hardly the most romantic of settings, but as they sank to the ground under the starlit desert night and their limbs entwined, it seemed to them as though they had both at once found paradise.

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Back inside the Sarang, Dan was sitting at the bar, having finally arrived. The whitetail fumbled with his phone in frustration, wondering just where his friend could have gotten to.

The End